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IS IT A GAME?

Colonel Roosevelt's indignation knows no bounds at the suggestion that the science of manipulating national politics is nothing but a game. He regards it as a derogation of the dignity of the imposing figures—and we use the term advisedly—who are engaged in this nation-wide struggle to describe it in terms applicable to doings in the realm of sport.

Undoubtedly it would be well if the class of political management to which the nation has become accustomed were of that brilliant and patriotic variety which would command respect in the popular mind. If men bent only upon the public good would with dignity and force put forth philosophy and argument conducive only to the general welfare, this consummation might eventually be achieved. Were it possible to eliminate the subtle sophistries of the fool, as well as the windy mouthings of the demagogue, the secret conclaves for the suppression of truth, as well as the noisy propaganda for the furtherance of error, national politics might be lifted to a plane worthy of all deference. When that good day arrives, if it ever can, the country will regard the clash of contending political forces with that seriousness which its real significance should deserve.

In the meanwhile, the tumult and the fighting, the bluff and the bluster, the low descent into personalities, the cheap resort to epithet and invective employed in national campaigns would make the judicious grieve intolerably, were it not for our people's saving sense of humor. They find it more conducive to happiness and long life to pass these things by with a jest than to dwell upon them in sorrow and humiliation. Almost unconsciously a country has come to speak of politics as a game and to reason about it in the language which the comparison suggests.

No one in the public life of the United States within the memory of living man has contributed more to this very result than Colonel Roosevelt. His whole career has indicated that he has regarded politics as a game to be played according to rules that he himself has formulated. As a youth in the New York Assembly, as an aspirant for the mayoralty of New York City, as police commissioner there, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as colonel of the Rough Riders, as Governor of New York, as Vice-President, he was always spectacular, always laying plans for something higher, always, in short, conducting himself as one in a game, and in to win.

When he succeeded the lamented McKinley in the presidency he put up the bluff of endeavoring to follow the conservative course of his predecessor; but, upon being returned to power, he threw off the mask and tried to make a ten-strike to capture the applause of the grandstand and the bleachers. No one who has followed his course since he left the presidency can fail to see that he has carefully planned his every step so that it might lead to a return to power.

Not only have his actions tended to show that he has regarded his political career as a game to be carefully planned and strenuously performed, but his very language has furnished a confirmation. Only the other day he threw his hat into the ring. Some years ago he was thundering about the square deal. He often advised his followers to hit the line hard. Few would have been the varieties of sport that have not furnished forth his political writings and addresses with metaphors, similes, and the other necessary high lights to his verbal pyrotechnics.

Now he is reaping as he has sown. He wishes to be regarded as the mighty friend of humanity enlisted in a sacred cause; but the people who have learned of both his acts and his words say only, "Nay, he is playing a game, and he has about played out."

WILLIAMS AND BOOKER.

Few persons who have not had the opportunity of observing the two legislative bodies at work can form an adequate conception of the important part played by the clerks of these bodies in the practical work of the General Assembly. Not only is it necessary that they should keep a perfect record of the multitude of bills submitted and of the swarm of amendments submitted to them, but they must see that the votes of the members are accurately recorded, and that the history of every piece of proposed legislation is kept in a manner both complete in form and free from any error of detail.

To do these things during the hurly-burly of a session, even with the aid of competent assistants, is to perform a labor of responsibility requiring both patience and vigilance. To lose track of the proceedings for a moment might result in confusion worse confounded. To keep an imperfect record would be to put in peril the validity of the laws

enacted by the legislative branch of the government.

Not only is it necessary for these clerks to perform these routine duties, but every one familiar with the actual workings of the two houses, knows that they are frequently called upon by presiding officers for information and suggestions regarding the parliamentary status of pending measures. The most experienced find these aids useful, and those who are called upon to preside temporarily, and those who have no special parliamentary training find the help of the clerk at times absolutely essential.

The House of Delegates is fortunate in having at its disposal the services of its clerk, John W. Williams, as the Senate is in the person of its clerk, Marshall E. Booker. Both of these gentlemen have fulfilled the duties of their position in a manner beyond criticism. Clerk Williams, who has had the longer service, has the reputation of being one of the best parliamentarians in the State, his duties in connection with the publication and indexing of the Acts of Assembly are most important. Clerk Booker was this session made by the Senate the chief inquisitor in the work of ascertaining from the fee-paid officers of the State the respective amounts of their compensation. This particular assignment is of immense consequence to the State, and it is not doubted that Mr. Booker will discharge its obligations with as much credit to himself as he has performed the other duties of his position.

THE DOLLAR DINNER.

That "good old-fashioned Virginia Democratic dollar dinner to which every man interested in the progress and growth of Richmond is invited" is the very thing. The Civic Co-operative Organization has hit upon a capital idea, and it is safely predicted that the demand for plates will far exceed the supply. Getting citizens of all descriptions together at a common board will be a splendid way of increasing the civic spirit which has already done so much to make Richmond successful and progressive. A plain democratic dinner with "peas" and no "pois," and where the awe-inspiring "au" will not be present on the menu. Let this be a "feast of reason and flow of soul," which will put our citizens into that elbow touch without which civic spirit lags and falls away. Some real live wires are behind this movement, and they will "make it a go" as they did the civic celebration in January, which was an amazing manifestation of the belief of the people in Richmond and of their vigorous loyalty to every movement for its welfare.

A PERSISTENT ERROR.

In a very appreciative review of Dr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Robert E. Lee, the Man and Soldier," even so careful and well informed a writer as the literary editor of the North American Review refers to General Lee as the Confederate commander-in-chief. This blunder, mistake or slovenly way of designating the position General Lee finally held is as hard to down as is the fiction that at Appomattox Lee tendered his sword to Grant, who declined to receive it, or returned it.

The application to Lee of the title "Confederate commander-in-chief" or "commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies" runs through histories of the War Between the States, biographies of Lee and Confederate addresses, with singular persistence. He never was "commander-in-chief" of the armies of the Confederate States, nor could he have been save through the abdication by President Davis of a constitutional function or through amendment to the Confederate States Constitution.

Section 2 of Article II of the Confederate Constitution reads: "The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the Confederate States and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the Confederate States." Except for the substitution of "Confederate States for 'United States'" this language is word for word identical with that in the United States Constitution bearing on the military powers of the President. The provision in the Confederate Constitution for amending that instrument contemplated as long and tedious a process as that in the Federal organic law providing a means for amending the latter. See "Parallel Constitutions," in Currier's "Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States."

Early in 1865, however, General Lee was made "general-in-chief" of the Confederate armies, and we reproduce the following letter from Long's "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" as the best way of clearing from the public mind and that of future writers and speakers the confusion of titles and fact, which is so pervasive.

Headquarters,
Petersburg, Feb. 4, 1865.
General S. Cooper, A. and I. General,
Richmond, Va.

General—I received your telegram of the 1st instant announcing my confirmation by the Senate as general-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States. I am indebted alone to the kindness of His Excellency, the President, for my nomination to this high and arduous office, and I wish I had the ability to fill it to advantage. I have received no instructions as to my duties, I do not know what he desires me to undertake.

I am, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE.

General Lee, with his characteristic modesty, never assumed his new title in issuing his orders, but simply signed them "General."

In justice to Dr. Page, it should be stated that nowhere in his book do we find that he has fallen into the

"commander-in-chief" error. The tone of General Lee's letter to General Cooper is both interesting and illuminative as tending to dissipate the impression that President Davis was chary of upholding the hands of the great Confederate captain in the field, and that their relations were not of the most cordial character.

A SIDE ISSUE NO LONGER.

One thing is certain as a result of the fight over the West fee publicity bill. The abolition of the fee system has grown from a negligible issue in the public eye to one of commanding importance. It has reached a dignity and a prominence that it never had until the people were told how hard the fee barons were fighting a bill which permitted more publicity as to fees. The press of Virginia has been filled for weeks with discussion of the fee system and denunciations of the throttling of fee publicity. The fee officers have seen the writing on the wall. Truth may be harsh, justice may be uncompromising, but they must prevail.

As old Toby Smollett said, "Facts are stubborn things."

COLOR AND DRESS.

Katherine Kaelred is an English woman whose beauty has attracted much attention in New York. She has been talking to the reporters and telling them some very interesting things about women's dress. "Few thinking women will deny the influence of clothes on their wearers," she says. Color has a tremendous power over the mood and mind of the person, and many women choose their frocks for the mental effect they will have on themselves as well as the effect on the observer. "It often seems to me that the absolute lack of concentration which most women show can be traced to their clothes," says this woman. "How could you focus your mind on anything long in a dress trimmed up like a Christmas tree? Clothes, we are further told, distract the mind unless they harmonize with the things the wearer represents or is trying to represent. Miss Kaelred thinks the color of one's aura decides the color of one's dress, and far be it from us to disagree with so portentous a statement. Red, she says, is the color of physical power. Green is the "color of individualization." Green also represents money, but all the colors women wear represent money, and a vast deal too much of it, men think. Green and red are the colors of New York. Hotels, apartment houses, banks and stores in that town all show these colors. People who want to impress their own individuality should wear green, says Miss Kaelred. This, doubtless, because women are singularly averse to green. Walk, if you please, down Franklin Street some pleasant afternoon, and count how many women in green dresses you will see. The chances are you won't see any. The wearing of the green is not popular among women, although it appeals to most red-blooded Americans. Green, however, is becoming more popular, and is used by those who wish to express objectively the subjective self. Black and white are negative colors. Sick people should wear pink, that being a health-giving color. As the sick one improves, add a bit of green, and finally, in the words of Miss Kaelred, "something of blue to connect me with the higher expressions of life, art, literature, music." By all means, by all means, madam, most assuredly.

Miss Kaelred says that there is a color science which many women study and use to good effect. Men must accept this fact with their immemorial resignation, for 'tis but another manifestation of that strange witchery which the woman who does not care exercises over the man who does. Subtle perfumes, the winning artistry of color, the lure of ambiguous phrase—and the male of the species is willing to enter into a unilateral contract to buy her her colors for the rest of her life.

The Times-Diſpatch has already commended Senator West for his aggressive and able fight for fee publicity, and now must also express its unstinted praise of Delegate R. L. Brewer, of Nansemond, the House patron of the bill, for the courageous and persistent manner in which he fought to get the bill passed by the House. He made a strong speech for the measure, and the fee gentlemen were feeling mighty uneasy and uncomfortable in the lobby outside. It took grit to go in the face of the influence and pull exerted by the fee officers, but the Nansemond delegation were there with their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

"The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity," wrote Mackintosh many years ago, but he would have said the same thing had he come into contact with the General Assembly of Virginia.

To-night Richmond is going to arrange for a long-distance connection with Canada. The charge will be only \$75.00 for a couple of hundred years' communication.

"Yuan Shi Kai Takes Oath." How could a mere Occidental tell whether Shi Kai was taking an oath, or reciting "Hi-diddle-dee-diddle, the oat and the addie?"

Mr. Amundsen says that "The dogs were fat and proved most delicious eating." Reaching the pole, then, according to Roald, is not just a matter of dogged endurance.

Our tourist guests who are finding Richmond a salubrious mean between the wintry North and the torrid South, ought to learn that this city is "a little bit of all right" the year round, and that her people are the kindest and most hospitable in the world.

On the Spur of the Moment
By Roy K. Moulton

A False Alarm.

The robin sat on a barren limb,
And he warbled a doleful lay,
For his voice was hoarse and it worried him.

In a most mysterious way,
He shook and shivered all day long;
There was no music in his song.
He said: "I guess I've got in wrong.
For it's too cold to be gay."

A man with a thin gauze union suit
Meant to do our hero harm,
For he threw a brick and a club to boot.

And called him a false alarm,
And a maid who passed with a new spring hat,
In a tone sarcastic told him flat,
He was a nature fake, and that
He'd lost all his old-time charm.

A man who had just bought anthracite
Scowled hard at the robin's tune,
And said: "You'd better fly your kite
And reserve that song till June."
Then an idea seemed to revolute,
And the little boy said: "Sure as fate,
I had feared that I might arrive too late,
But I guess I'm here too soon."

Home Again.

Home again from a furin shore,
With our collar stiff and our pockets tore;
With a peck of chiders in our cars
And a bunch of junk called souvenirs.
Home again.

Home again from the Great White Way
Where 6 P. M. is the break of day;
Where the show troupe "angels" flap
their wings,
As the lobsters prowl and the hot bird sings.
Home again.

Home again from the bright cafes,
With their empty joys and their silly ways;
Where the people live in two-room flats,
But never fail to wear silk hats;
Home again.

Home again where a feller lives,
And almost gets back what he gives;
Where all is not bunk that you see
It's purty doggone good to be
Home again.

Another Horse Story.

A woman can't keep a secret. O, no, indeed. Far be it from such—but a man can.

There were two shrewd Yankee neighbors who spent a great deal of time swapping horses. One day one of them sold a horse to the other, and on the following day the purchaser discovered that the horse was blind in one eye. In great indignation he called on his neighbor and took the horse back.

"Look here, you scoundrel," he said, "that horse is blind in one eye, and you never said a word to me about it when I bought him of you."

"No, of course, I didn't, neighbor."

"Of course, you didn't? Why do you say 'of course' you didn't?"

"Well, it is like this," replied the man who had sold the horse. "The feller that I bought him of didn't say a word to me about the horse being blind in one eye, either, and I supposed, of course, it was a secret."

According to Uncle Abner.

There are so many women who want to be careers that the supply of good cooks has just about petered out.

A feller who doesn't own an automobile nowadays ain't in it, but the feller who does own one is in it more than is good for him.

It is getting so you can't tell an actor from a fur collar any more. Even the book agents are wearin' 'em.

There is many a microbe twist the cup and the lip.

When Anne Purdy's wife died he left an order at the tombston works for a monument. He wanted this inscription: "O, Lord, she was thin." The feller at the tombston works started to carve it, and when he got through he found the monument to Anne was as follows: "O, Lord, she was thin."

Now that false hair is going out of style there will probably be a lot more of them soft pillars around the house than there was formerly.

Voice of the People

Up to the Hon. Bill Skillee.

To the Editor of The Times-Diſpatch:—Sir, The action of the Senate in defeating the Jordan bill was a whitewash of hand performance on the Democratic party of Virginia. I do not feel that I have been betrayed by my party, but worse-tricked. One who has ever bought a gold brick knows about how I feel over the matter. Yes, tricked! I have always believed that the difference between a monarchy and a democracy was in a monarchy the King's will is law, and in a democracy the will of the people is law. Henry Ward Beecher, with that definition of democracy, years ago faced an angry audience in the city of Norfolk, Va., and he can deny it that the whiskey, rotten eggs, and captured them, and hold them at his will. If the people—yes, the dear, sweet people—or the Legislature who were sent there by the people to a candidate before election, and how indignantly the same sweet people look to the self-same candidate after he is elected.

I said that I felt that I had been

ABE MARTIN

What's become of the old time gentleman who was a big hat and a big bow tie? He pay as you enter plan has stopped the congestion at the Little Gem restaurant.



A lucid statement of the present situation in the Democratic and Republican parties.

tricked by a Democratic Senate. Mr. Wendenburg is a great lawyer, big enough for the United States Supreme bench. That I thought so before I read his speech against the Jordan bill, as reported in The Times-Diſpatch, of course. The Times-Diſpatch made the best report of his speech possible, since The Times-Diſpatch was against the bill. Shrewd lawyer Mr. Wendenburg is, he limped all through his speech. The Hon. Hugh A. White limped worse than Mr. Wendenburg did in his speech against the bill. He understood the Jordan bill, that if, after the election, a majority of the votes were cast in favor of the bill, then our temperance, or prohibition, or whatever it is called, law, just like the Constitutional Convention of Virginia a few years ago proclaimed the new Constitution, which he had provided to submit to the people for ratification. I wonder if the Hon. Mr. Wendenburg did not hear the State of North Carolina laughing at him? Not a bit of it. The Jordan bill was as well prepared, and even more clear and definite in all its parts than the act of the Legislature which gave the people of North Carolina the right to vote on the liquor question.

Mr. Editor, don't you believe that the whiskey people of North Carolina would have provided the prohibition laws of that State unconstitutional if there had been any law or power in the whole round world to have done so?

Mr. Editor, won't you get Uncle Bill, or William Skillee, of Henrico county, to explain why those Senators who were elected from or by dry counties, and who were elected by constituents to vote against the Jordan bill. It was their solemn duty to do so, in my mind, and that course in politics, if the one who achieved, will still leave the soul athirst.

Richmond.

The Soul Athirst.

To the Editor of The Times-Diſpatch:—Sir, The views from different vantage points expressed may privilege the following:

Our ministry is composed of men who are moderate in their habits and correct in their attitude towards their fellows. Our public and private life is filled with both men and women fastidious in their taste, refined, cultivated, perfectly virtuous, moral and of attractive personality. Yet, despite this creditable condition of our local life there is now and has been a decided agitation for something better. It is an old thirst of the soul voiced by the psalmist: "As the hart thirsteth after the water brook so thirsteth my soul after Thee." Expressed again in the words of the young ruler, "All of those things have kept from my youth. This thirst for a deeper, purer and more effective existence is felt by both the ministry and the public, and this craving on the part of our people is a good sign, as it shows the healthy condition of their deeper nature, and their cry is not unreasonable, the fulfillment of which is just what the Savior promised—soul food for the deep need of mankind. He represents Him, the water of which one may drink and be satisfied; that bread from heaven which nourishes for evermore—the spiritual life of God. His prayer stands ever prominently before us, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Thy Son, whom Thou hast sent."

Good morals, temperance, correct action towards your fellows, however desirable these may be, will not accomplish the end results, and this, achieved, will still leave the soul athirst.

Richmond.

Game Protection.

To the Editor of The Times-Diſpatch:—Sir, In behalf of the Audubon Society, the American Game Protection and Propagation Association, which has contributed largely to our campaign, and the sportsmen of this State, I desire to thank you for the assistance you have given us and the support which you have given the Monrovia and Rutherford game bill. We are assured that the Legislature who were sent there by the people who are interested in the conservation of one of our greatest natural resources are sensible of the value of your efforts.

It was perhaps vain to expect to

secure the enactment of no wise a law by our General Assembly the first time the measure, radical in some respects, was proposed. We feel that it will take months, perhaps years, to overcome the combination of local selfishness and self-satisfied ignorance which contributed to our defeat.

With your continued co-operation ultimate success may be attained.

J. C. WISE.
Member Legislative Committee Virginia Audubon Society.

The Bullcrats.
(A Campaign Song.)
The Bullcrats are coming, boys,
The Bullcrats are coming;
You hear them in the West, my boys,
A whooping and a humming,
You hear them in the wind, I say,
You hear them in the wild,
A snoring in a rippling way
For Theodore the mild.

Chorus.
O give a lung for Theodore;
A cracklerack is he;
O yell a heap and then some more;
He was, and is to be.

The Bullcrats they are a lot,
You never see 'em pass,
But they are coming, boys,
For some immortal ass.
They holler in a raucous way,
And though you call 'em down,
They take the cake, they take the hay,
They take the bloom'n' town.
(Chorus.)

Now, Theodore he said to me:
"It is a nasty lie."
You see his language cannot be
Compounded into pie;
For nothing but a Bullcrat
Could eat the wicked stuff,
And even he would holler "Nuff,"
(Chorus.)

So let us sing the praise, my boys,
Of bully Theodore;
The thing he lacks is steady poise,
And even something more;
He lacks a hat, my paper notes,
To fit his mighty head,
He lacks—O dear, he lacks the votes,
And everything is said.
(Chorus.)

Savannah, Va. R. C. M.

Put Men on the Roads.

To the Editor of The Times-Diſpatch:—Sir, In your paper I have seen a number of articles in regard to good roads. May I offer a few suggestions? Why can not every man over eighteen years of age work two days on the road which he travels most, under the direction of the supervisor of that district, to be called when he sees proper, this work to be done free of charge, using the county's outfit when needed? By doing this they show their public spirit and make us better roads.

A WOMAN TAXPAYER.

Bowling Green.

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